PZ 3
.M8546
T

FT MEADE
GenColl

THE THOUSAND LEGGERS

LIBRARY OF CONGRESS
00020495789

CATHERINE WINSPEAR MOSS

Class PZ3

Book .M8546T

Copyright No.

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT:

Catherine Winspear Moss

THE THOUSAND LEGGERS

BY

CATHERINE WINSPEAR MOSS

The C. M. Clark Publishing Company
Boston, Massachusetts
1909

PZ3
.M854GT

COPYRIGHT, 1909
BY
THE C. M. CLARK PUBLISHING CO.
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS
U. S. A.

All Rights Reserved

PRESS OF MURRAY AND EMERY COMPANY
BOSTON, MASSACHUSETTS

LIBRARY of CONGRESS
Two Copies Received
JUN 12 1909
Copyright Entry
June 12, 1909
CLASS A XXc No.
241779
COPY B.

Dedicated to My Mother

MARIA WINSPEAR MOSS

The Thousand Leggers

CHAPTER ONE

THERE they all sat. Mr. Hezekiah Wigglesome felt a glow of pride as he looked at them, and chuckled to himself in much the same manner as a turkey gobbler. He was a tall, shiftless sort of man, who knew just enough to think he knew it all. Glancing at his nervous little wife beside him, he slipped his arm about her shoulders.

Mrs. Wigglesome raised her meek, lamb-like eyes in appreciation of his thoughtfulness. She felt grateful whenever Mr. Wigglesome paid her any attentions, regardless of the fact that such endearments were always public demonstrations.

In front of them sat their eldest child,

Patrick Ebenezer. Dressed in a five-dollar baggy plaid suit, with a cap several sizes too small, he was vainly attempting to roll a cigarette. He had once seen the picture of a college youth engaged in this useful occupation, and ever since he had saved up to buy a similar outfit. His hands trembled, for in truth it was his first ride on the train, and he was conscious of his dudish appearance.

Sitting with him was George Washington, his sixteen-year-old brother. Doubled into an interrogation mark, he bit his nails, or furiously chewed his handkerchief, which formerly, by the by, had been a piece of a sheet.

That sheet had been a good one, too, let me tell you. Mrs. Wigglesome remembered distinctly how her uncle in Susanna had sent it, with two pillow slips, for her own use, on her wedding

day. She had intended to use them, but Mr. Wigglesome declared sheets were a luxury and they must put it away. Very carefully, therefore, she had folded it up, laying it on a dresser.

There it had lain, year after year, until the twins were born. In some way or other their eyes seemed to spy that sheet the minute they came into this world. When old enough to walk they would toddle over to the dresser,—a dry goods box covered with oil-cloth,—and gaze longingly at it. Many a time their chubby hands had been slapped for daring to attempt to reach the precious article.

One day, on the twins' tenth birthday, they were able at last to smuggle the sheet out into the barn. With a yank it was divided. Gleefully they robed themselves in it, proudly strutting over the barn floor, when suddenly they

were seized by their austere parent.

Their punishment was swift and sure. They were banished from the festal board, and for several days ate off a shelf fixed for their own immediate use.

Oh no, the sheet wasn't thrown away. One half was made into the cutest dress imaginable for the eldest daughter, while the other half was cut up into handkerchiefs. This had happened four years ago, and each member of the family still had those handkerchiefs. You see they needed them only when they went to meeting or funerals.

Patrick Ebenezer rudely snatched the chewed corner from his brother's mouth.

"George Washington, I should think you'd be ashamed of yourself. You know you won't get any more when this one gives out. Brace up, old boy. Be

a man. Just look at me," and he proudly expanded his chest.

"Gosh, Patrick Ebenezer! To hear you talk one would think you were Uncle Benjamin Otto Prig, instead of a fat little runt."

"Shut up, you lean, ungainly spindle-legs!" snapped Patrick Ebenezer.

George Washington shuffled his feet, as any reference to his lanky length made him more self-conscious than ever. He stopped suddenly and fell to chewing his nails again, for a look across the aisle chilled him.

Calm and dignified, Mayeah Etheah Agethah, a brown-eyed, dark-haired miss of twenty, eyed him scornfully. Heedless of her pretty face and the brilliant possibility of her eyes, she willingly assumed the cares of the world on her shoulders,—that is, of the Wigglesome world. She felt it her

duty, as it was likewise her inclination, to correct them all, except possibly Patrick Ebenezer, who had a way of letting her understand that he was two years her senior.

As for Isabella Carolina, her pretty eighteen-year-old sister, she scolded her on the rules of etiquette until Isabella Carolina lost control of her temper.

Isabella Carolina was different from Mayeah Etheah Agethah in that she realized just how pretty and attractive she was. She had no intention of becoming an old maid. No, indeed, not while there were so many good-looking men on earth. She smiled and flirted with this one and that one, regardless of her old and faded calico dress. "Anyhow," she thought, "my dress looks as well as Mayeah Etheah Agethah's silk that has been an heirloom in the family for ages."

It kept Mayeah Etheah Agethah busy eying the twins, Belshazzar Alexander and Gulliver Munchausen, in the seat ahead. Several times they ran down the aisle and bumped into the conductor. He certainly would have boxed their ears had he not been so young and at that minute distracted by Isabella Carolina's tender glances.

Upon the front seat sat Gwendolyn Matilda Jerusha, her baby hands clasped in her lap, while her big blue eyes danced to see the trees go whizzing by. Every now and then a childish lisp bubbled out with her laughter. One forgot the fantastic dress of green, and the patched blue sunbonnet on her yellow curls, and longed to kiss the dimpled mouth.

Her brother, No Name, was by her side. Mr. and Mrs. Hezekiah Wigglesome had realized the responsibility of

naming the children. When the last boy arrived they, after many long and serious consultations, decided to allow the lad to name himself. Thus he grew from year to year without a name.

He was twelve, two years younger than the twins. He thought he knew as much as they did, but on this point they differed decidedly. They would not permit him to join in their sports; in fact, no one wanted him except Gwendolyn Matilda Jerusha. But he scorned her companionship because she was a girl and only five years old. Bumpo, his three-legged dog, was his only friend. He felt as if every one else had a place but he, and that it was because he had no name. His tousled red hair hung carelessly over his freckled nose and surly face, on which rested a perpetual frown.

Suddenly the peaceful atmosphere of

the train was disturbed by Belshazzar Alexander. With a yell he grabbed Gulliver Munchausen by the hair. A fight followed, during which the huge patches on two pairs of pantaloons were the most noteworthy phenomena.

Mayeah Etheah Agethah sat aghast to think they dare disobey her in such manner. With a rush the Wigglesomes all made for the twins. It might have been taken for a football game had it not been for the long, overalled legs of Mr. Hezekiah Wigglesome waving frantically in the air.

In the rear of the car a prosaic old preacher, Mr. Harry Diesoon, of the Glory Hallelujah denomination, had been awakened from his prayers for a safe and peaceful journey. Striding up the aisle, his hands tingling with the desire to warm his palms on the twins' private property, he exclaimed:

"Do you young scapegoats know where you will go?"

"Huh," cried Gulliver Munchausen, giving his brother another punch, "I don't give a cuss, we've got a round trip ticket."

Just then the train whistled for Susanna. In his excited haste Mr. Wigglesome neglected to punish the twins.

"Here, here, Patrick Ebenezer," he cried in the tone of voice he used to call the cows home at night, "assist your pretty sister, Mayeah Etheath Agethah, off the car. George Washington, you look after Isabella Carolina, and 'twixt you and me and the gate-post if you don't stop chewing your hat you'll go bare-headed.

"Belshazzar Alexander and Gulliver Munchausen, step right lively now up into line, or you're likely to get left

behind. We've only got half an hour before this consarned old train pulls in. Gwendolyn Matilda Jerusha, bring along your blind-eyed cat and come to pop's arms.

"Here, No Name, you sulky good-for-nothing, pick up that dog and get in front of me. Now Mrs. Annette Prig, my dear wife and helpmate, you step up by No Name. Hold fast to that parrot, Madam, or some one may rob you. We've read how thieves pick pockets. Gosh! I hope they don't meddle with that fifty in my hip pocket.

"Belshazzar Alexander, have you and Gulliver Munchausen that box with the pig? All right, hold on to it tight. Now we're all ready, and we'll be the first off the car at Susanna."

Hanging on to one another, clasping tightly their priceless belongings, the Wigglesomes stood in the aisle ready

to take their departure, much to the amusement of their fellow passengers.

In truth they formed a queer-looking group. Oddly dressed in garments of many styles and colors, they seemed unconscious of the attention they were attracting, that is, with the exception of Patrick Ebenezer. With his short, fat form drawn to its fullest height and chest expanded, he steadily viewed the passing scenery. But in truth he was not thinking of what he saw. He was thinking of the admiring glances all the women must be casting at him, and of how villainously hard hearted he was not to bestow on them even so much as one look. Cruel Patrick Ebenezer!

CHAPTER TWO

THE NEW home of the Wigglesomes was situated in the center of Susanna, a very aristocratic village of about a thousand inhabitants. Mr. Hezekiah Wigglesome had moved to town from his ten-acre farm down in Hiram County, for the purpose of educating his children, and incidentally to run a grocery store. If the truth must be told, his desire to move was awakened by an article he had read in a paper tied around an empty whiskey bottle, found one morning on the road.

The paper stated that wives of farmers were more apt to become insane than any other class of people. That very evening he began to observe his wife's

actions closely. Sure enough, he discovered that she was becoming queer in many ways. Although he was a big husky man of six feet two, and his wife but five feet three, he was greatly alarmed at his sudden discovery, and trembled for his life.

Calling Patrick Ebenezer to the barn he confided his discovery and fears. For a long time Patrick Ebenezer had been fired with the ambition to leave the farm and become a city gentleman. He seized this opportunity, declaring that his views coincided perfectly with those of his father, and proposed that they move to town. As that was exactly what Mr. Hezekiah Wigglesome desired to do, he eagerly consented, and began preparations by giving away his cows to a passing neighbor.

Mrs. Wigglesome had read the same article, and had become convinced that

her husband was crazy, the cow transaction strengthening her opinion. She and Mayeah Etheah Agethah held a serious and long consultation out at the pigpen, and agreed that the wisest plan was to humor Mr. Wigglesome and move to town. Besides it had occurred to Mrs. Wigglesome that she must make an effort to marry off her two handsome daughters before they lost their good looks.

That is how it all came about.

The first night spent in their new home was one to be long remembered. Mrs. Wigglesome and Mayeah Etheah Agethah had been down the week before and set the furniture in place. Compared with the dilapidated old farmhouse the little frame cottage, at the side of the store, seemed a palace. Late into the night they planned and they schemed about the gay social time they

would enjoy in such a large place.

Early the following morning, after a warning lecture from each member of the family not to get lost, Patrick Ebenezer set out to seek his fortune. The Wigglesomes each found something to their liking to occupy the day, except Gwendolyn Matilda Jerusha.

She felt lonesome without the piggies and chickies to play with. Toddling out into the side yard she espied an opening in the high fence that surrounded the yard. She peeped through. On the other side a little boy, dressed in white, stood digging in a sand hill.

"He'oo!" she called by way of introduction.

"Come on over," the boy answered, looking up.

She slipped through the fence, shyly advancing to the sand hill. The boy went on digging in silence. When she

was quite near she sat down waiting for him to speak.

"A'nt you doin' to tuk tu me?" she asked, tears coming into her eyes.

"What's your name?" He glanced at her, then vigorously made the sand fly in all directions.

"Why I don' know. What's yu'rn?"

"Oh, mine," he dropped his spade. "Why my name is Master Richard Stone. I am seven years old and next week I go to school, and my papa's the richest man in town, and when I get big and growed up I'm going to have lots and lots of money, and I just got a new baby brother that's the nicest one in town and can yell almost as loud as me. Once I pinched his little stomach, like girls do their dolls, to see if it could talk but it only hollered louder than ever. And when I am a man I will get married."

Gwendolyn Matilda Jerusha listened in amazement. A baby brother that could holler when you squeezed its stomach! What a nice plaything, so much nicer than a blind-eyed cat. She sighed and wished she were a little boy. Then an inspiration came to her.

"Say, 'ittle boy, when's yu'se dows up will you mar'y me?"

"I don't know," he looked at her thoughtfully. "Maybe I will and maybe I won't."

"But I'se p'etty,—every one says I is," she sobbed.

"Well don't cry, and perhaps I will."

Suddenly the boy burst out:

"I know now what your name is. I almost forgot. I know what your papa and mamma and you all is named. My mamma told me last night. You must be the thousand leggers."

"No, that aint it," and she shook her

head. "De t'ins tol' me it's somepin' 'ike dis," and she wiggled her fingers to and fro.

"No 'taint either," he cried hotly, "and if you say it is I never will marry you, so there, Miss Know All."

Gwendolyn Matilda Jerusha sighed and wearily clasped her hands in her lap like she had seen her mother do when too tired to argue with her father. Before she could explain further a voice was heard calling her. She smiled at the little boy, with her finger in her mouth, and slipped back through the fence.

The family was assembled around the kitchen table eating its noonday meal. She quietly took her place and began eating her dinner when the twins let out a yell.

"Hello there, sis, how's your beau?" jeered Gulliver Munchausen.

"Did he kiss you?" teased Belshazzar Alexander.

"No he didn't, but we'se 'ngaged an' we'se love e'ch ofer very much," she explained.

The whole family roared at her confession. Her heart was broken. Sliding out of her chair she flew to her mother.

"Oh, Mamma, Mamma," she sobbed, "he's dot a baby brofer an' he says 'at when you pinch its 'ittle tummy it hollers. I want one like his'n. I—I—oh, I'd be willin' tu even tak' a damaged one."

Another boisterous uproar followed her words. She was unable to endure it longer and fled from the room.

Mr. Wigglesome winked at his wife.

"I'll be blowed if she can't beat all the other kids in town!"

"Oh, darn a baby!" blurted out Bel-

shazzar Alexander, for he was seized with the sudden fear of an extended relationship.

Mayeah Etheah Agethah led the way into the parlor at the close of dinner. Seating the Wigglesomes in a semi-circle, she stood before them with a very important air. Raising her hands upward she called for silence. Anxiously they waited for the mystery to be unfolded.

"We, the Wigglesomes," she began, "have moved from the country and are now city ladies and gentlemen. We have every reason to be proud of ourselves, for there is not a family in this town that can boast of so many and such clever children. We must show this city what we can do. Let us unfurl our banners until we lead and others follow.

"Patrick Ebenezer, I am proud to

proclaim, has secured a position as clerk at a sody fountain. You all realize what an influential and dignified place that is. It is necessary—George Washington, sit up straight on that chair!—it is necessary, his assistant says,—he's the man, by the way, who owns the store,—for Patrick Ebenezer to wear white coats. Now I have donated my white dress to be made over into one. As for the others, I am going to ask each one of you to give up his handkerchief."

A serious look stole over the faces of the Wigglesomes. It meant giving up their sole luxury. But then, as Belshazzar Alexander observed, society folk did not go much to meeting and they wouldn't have time to attend funerals, so the discussion ended.

During the next few days each member of the family chose a profession.

Patrick Ebenezer was to be a wholesale soda-water man. George Washington felt sure he was destined to become President of the United States. Belshazzar Alexander decided he was best fitted to be a gentleman of leisure, while Gulliver Munchausen chose law.

As for the girls, their ambition was to marry and be able to give parties and balls.

No one took the trouble to ask No Name what he cared to become. And it fell to him, in the most natural way, to chop the wood, carry in the coal or run all the errands while the twins were at play.

The novelty of keeping store soon wore off, and Mr. Hezekiah Wigglesome informed his wife that the close confinement would kill him. She was too wise to tell him the truth or accuse him of laziness. She had not lived

with him twenty-three years not to know silence is more often golden than speech is silver.

Mayeah Etheah Agethah did not have time to help in the store. She was either busy planning for the future or mending the boys' breeches. Isabella Carolina, who refused to do any of the patching, preferred to tend the store. It gave her an opportunity to flirt occasionally.

Mr. Hezekiah Wigglesome was now free to sit around in front of the saloons and crack jokes with the loafers, or boast of the accomplishments of his family.

"Why," he often said, "just look at my Mayeah Etheah Agethah. She's smarter than any gal in town. Her cakes just beat angels' cakes all to pieces. Then there's Isabella Carolina. Aint she pretty though, boys? Just

you fellers come around and I'll introduce you to her. She'd make any man a corking good wife.

"My, my, but I feel proud of Patrick Ebenezer. You fellers just hold your horses and watch that young feller. He'll be a rich man some day. As for George Washington, why all the gals in this here town are crazy after him. Cute? Wall, I should snicker he was. He doesn't seem to notice them.

"Next comes my twins. They be the best boys ever born. Some day they will be the leading evangelists of the country. Did you ever notice Gwendolyn Matilda Jerusha? Mr. Stone's little boy hangs 'round her all the time. Came over first time he seed her and asks her to marry him." Here he would roar with laughter, and puff vigorously at his pipe, with an air of great self-complacency.

Once an outsider asked about No Name, but Mr. Wigglesome permitted the question to pass unheeded.

No Name, poor little fellow, could find no better place for himself in the new home than he had had in the country. To be sure the town was filled with boys of his age, but, led on by the twins, they twitted him about his red hair and freckles. He thought no one wanted him because he had no name.

One afternoon, followed by Bumpo, he started out in search of a name. Wandering out of town he strayed into the village graveyard. Carefully he searched the tombs until, to his joy, he spied a name that suited his fancy.

He copied it on a piece of paper and concealed it in his cap. At last he had a name. He would never, never tell any one what it was until he became a man.

Happier than he had ever been before he ran home, feeling that at last he had a place in the world and a name like other boys.

CHAPTER THREE

Mr. Archie Lock, the new teacher of the village school, arose from his desk and rapped loudly for order. Before him thirty or forty childish faces were upturned to meet his gaze. As he was about to speak the door opened, and in rushed the Wigglesomes, pell-mell.

First came the twins, in nankeen peg-top trousers, followed by George Washington, who stumbled across the floor and flopped into the first empty seat. Gwendolyn Matilda Jerusha, her hair neatly curled and tied with a string, next entered. Behind the others lagged No Name, with Bumpo.

The procession caused a titter to pass over the room. Mr. Lock smiled in

spite of himself. He had heard of the Wigglesomes, in truth they had become a very notorious lot, and were much discussed,—the twins more often without the "dis,"—in every home in Susanna. Frequently he had hoped that they did not care for education. But there they were, clean and fantastic.

Gwendolyn Matilda Jerusha had never before been to school. She leaned against the wall, her finger in her mouth, not knowing what to do. Tears came into her eyes and she wanted to run home. As she turned to flee she met Master Richard Stone's eyes, which were coldly surveying her. With a broad smile of recognition she ran to his seat and lisped:

"P'ease, 'ittle boy, a'nt yu'se doin' to mar'y me?"

Master Richard hung his head in embarrassment at the general laugh.

Quickly turning in his seat he opened his book and began to study earnestly, regardless of the fact that it was upside down.

Mr. Lock called her to his desk. He liked her immediately, and smoothed her pretty curls.

"Don't cry, little girl," he spoke soothingly. "Master Richard didn't mean to be rude. You see this is school and the children are forbidden to speak to one another. Now, little girl, you must learn to do as they do. See, each pupil has a seat to himself. I am going to give you the one across from Master Richard. You must not talk to him, but be very good and study hard."

"But—but p'ease, Mister Man," sobbed Gwendolyn Matilda Jerusha, "'at 'ittle boy said he'd mar'y me, cause we'se 'ngaged. An' he's dot a baby

brover 'at hollers when yu'se pinch its 'ittle stomach, an' I wants one to p'ay wif. Aint yu'se dot none fo' me?"

Mr. Lock joined in the laugh and drew her to him. He was about to explain school the second time, when the twins let loose.

"You old son of a gun," yelled Belshazzar Alexander, pounding Gulliver Munchausen's head, "I got it first. Get out, I say, get out."

"Go to the devil," calmly responded the other future saver of souls, "or I'll send you."

Mr. Lock strode down the aisle, grasping one of them in either hand.

"What does this mean, you young heathens," he said as he shook them.

"That's my seat and I'll have it too," sulked Belshazzar Alexander.

" 'Taint neither," screamed Gulliver Munchausen, "it's mine, I say."

"Neither one of you shall have it." Mr. Lock dragged them to his desk. "You," he pointed to Belshazzar Alexander, "will stand all day in that corner, and you," to Gulliver Munchausen, "will stand all day in that one. One word out of you and I'll warm you well. Do you boys understand?"

"Nope," Belshazzar Alexander responded, "I stand on top," and he arrived in his corner several minutes sooner than he had anticipated.

Mr. Lock glanced around the room, calling the school to order once more, when he spied No Name sitting on the coal box, his arm about his dog. Over in the corner near the door sat George Washington, his feet sprawled out into the aisle.

Mr. Lock motioned the two boys to his desk to inquire what their names might be.

No Name reached the desk first. George Washington always had a time getting anywhere. First he stumbled over the floor on his way up the aisle, sprawling out at full length. In his frantic efforts to rise he bumped into a desk, sending a bottle of ink into a girl's lap. Next he tripped over the front bench, finally arriving at the desk, panting and biting his nails.

Mr. Lock's heart sank within him. If the Wigglesomes remained in his school he vowed the board would have to raise his salary.

"I asked you your name," he said angrily to No Name, who sulkily eyed him.

"Aint got none," was the laconic reply.

"None of your cheek now, or I'll thrash you well."

"Well, I aint got none."

"Oh no, dear teacher," piped Gulliver Munchausen sweetly, from his corner, "he aint got no name so that's what we call him.

"You see, when pop and mom named all us kids, we each was called after what we was to be. Now pop says Belshazzar and me are to be sky pilots. George Washington," he pointed his finger as he spoke at the boy, who shuffled from one foot to another, "is to be President of United States. And, oh yes, Mayeah Etheah Agethah, my sister, is to marry you.

"Oh you needn't turn red like a turkey gobbler,'cause she watches you pass the house every morning and evening. I heard her tell mom you were rather infernal in your way of noticing her, and pop he was tickled plum silly. He says when a gal sets her cap for a feller he's just the same as gone. That's the

way mom got him, he says, and to hear Mayeah Etheah Agethah talk, I guess it's a sunbonnet she's set for you and—"

"Shut up," angrily exclaimed Mr. Lock.

"Pigeons, pigeons, pigeons in his belfry," cried Belshazzar Alexander, dancing a jig on the floor and tapping his head.

Mr. Lock turned from Gulliver Munchausen to Belshazzar Alexander. His temper was thoroughly aroused, and he determined to teach the twins a few things not down in the regular curriculum. Grasping Belshazzar by the coat collar he was about to administer a sound chastisement when Gulliver Manchausen vigorously applauded,—

"Go it some, Mister. Pull the bark out of him."

The pupils held their breath. Unlike Mr. Lock they were enjoying the situa-

tion, when in walked Isabella Carolina.

"Good morning, Mr. Lock," she smiled.

Mr. Lock loosened his grasp on Belshazzar Alexander's coat and came forward. He was just the age to appreciate a pretty girl when he saw one and he liked to see them rather frequently too. It was incredible to think that such boys had such a sister. He knew she was their sister, as Gwendolyn Matilda Jerusha had run to her immediately.

"Good morning, Miss—" he hesitated.

"Miss Isabella Carolina Wigglesome," she responded. "I have come over to school this morning to explain what course of study we desire each child to take."

She sank into the chair he offered her, while he drew one up near to hers.

"Now, Mr. Lock," she smiled and smoothed her hair, "first comes this dear pet, Gwendolyn Matilda Jerusha. Please don't force her to study too hard. As for George Washington, well you see we have great hopes for that boy's future. He is such a genius. Then there's the twins. Don't you think them cute, Mr. Lock?"

Mr. Lock did not reply, for at that minute he caught the wicked twinkle in Belshazzar Alexander's eyes.

"You see, Mr. Lock," and she patted her faded calico dress, "we have set our hearts on their becoming ministers. They seem to be leaders with the town boys, and they might do so much good."

"Yes, they might," he answered grimly, casting a frown across her shoulder to Gulliver Munchausen.

"You still have another brother, Miss

Wigglesome. Shall I make a commercial traveler or a millionaire out of him?"

"Oh," she arose and shrugged her shoulders, "it doesn't make a bit of difference about No Name. He's so different from the others, we never bother about him, you know."

No Name had overheard her last remark. He couldn't understand what made his heart feel so heavy, just as though it were sinking clear down to his toes. But then he never tried to analyze his feelings. He knew his heart had often felt that way before. Unconsciously his hand stole out toward Bumpo. Bumpo was a wonderful dog; he seemed always to know just how a fellow felt.

After Isabella Carolina had left, Mr. Lock turned to where No Name sat hugging his dog. He no longer won-

dered at the boy's sulkiness and sad countenance.

"Never mind, my lad," and he laid his hand on No Name's head, "I understand, and I am sure we shall be friends."

An incredulous look came over the boy's face. Could the teacher mean he cared for him? Oh, could it be true? He drew away, half in fear, half in amazement. No one had ever spoken like that to him before.

Mr. Lock nodded knowingly to him and smiled.

Strange, No Name thought, but that terrible heaviness around his heart was gone. He would work hard and study to be a man just like his teacher.

Bumpo looked up and wagged his tail. Again he seemed to understand.

CHAPTER FOUR

SUNDAY morning was bright and clear, to the joy of the Wigglesomes for they were all going to church. Dressed in their best clothes, the same that they had worn on the train, they sat in the parlor awaiting the entrance of Mayeah Etheah Agethah.

Finally she came in, rustling her silk skirts as much as possible, but the constant rustling by previous generations had lessened their power to make a sound. She bade them form a circle about her. Calmly she faced them and raised her hands for silence. Then she opened the Bible she held.

"I have discovered," she explained, "from philosophical observation, that

either to enjoy or appreciate anything the mind must be in corresponding harmony. Therefore, since we are about to wend our way to church, I will read a chapter from Numbers, as there are so many of us."

In her most solemn voice she proceeded to read. At the close of the chapter she called on Patrick Ebenezer to lead them in prayer.

Patrick Ebenezer bowed his head, and as he could think of nothing to say he mumbled a few unintelligible words to himself, something about Nancy, while the family stood in awed silence.

A brilliant idea had come to the twins during the prayer, but they solemnly marched to church arm in arm, lest the devil should seek to overthrow the good effect of the prayer and reading. Somehow or other there seemed to be a mental telepathy system established be-

tween them. Neither mentioned the name of Nancy, yet each knew the other knew what he was thinking about.

Mr. Hezekiah Wigglesome led the way up the aisle to the seat next to the front one. The choir was singing the opening anthem.

Heedless of this fact Mr. Wigglesome called in an audible whisper to his wife, who was just entering the door:

"Hurry up, Mrs. Annette Prig, my dear wife and helpmate. You enter the bench first. Now Patrick Ebenezer, Mayeah Etheah Agethah, George Washington,—and stop chewing your coat and don't stumble over anything and sit still,—now Isabella Carolina. Move closer, can't youse all? I don't want to have to put in so much money, and every bench we take we have to pay for. I'll hold Gwendolyn Matilda Jerusha on my knees. Here, you twins and No

Name, sit on the front seat, 'cause it's free up there."

No arrangement could have suited the twins better. Everything comes to those who wait, as it did to them on that bright, sunny morning. They had planned the night before to use great stratagem to sit on the mourners' bench. Fate seemed to be kind to them.

After another hymn and prayer, the contribution basket was passed. The elders did not notice the twins put in their mite at the last minute.

As the dignified Mr. Harry Diesoon arose to give thanks for the offering, he glanced down into one of the baskets. The congregation saw his eyes bulge in surprise.

"Snakes!" he cried in horror.

The elders rushed to the basket. Nothing except a few envelopes and some loose change was in it. As they

started back to their seats Mr. Harry Diesoon looked at the other basket. He grew pale with terror.

"Snakes!" he yelled, throwing up his hands and backing across the pulpit.

On examination, nothing was found. The congregation was shocked at the pastor's conduct, except possibly Belshazzar Alexander and Gulliver Munchausen. In each boy's pocket snuggled a green tree-snake tied with a thin green string.

Mr. Harry Diesoon's eyes met those of the twins. He recognized them instantly, but they looked so innocent, each with his arms folded across his breast, that his suspicion passed. He rubbed his head in perplexity, while the choir sang "Shout the Tidings."

As he turned to seat himself on his high pulpit chair he stumbled backward and nearly fell.

"Snakes," he screamed again.

Two elders rushed to his side. No snake was there, as another one rested in Belshazzar Alexander's pocket. A serious look came over Mr. Harry Diesoon's face as he was led from the pulpit. A visiting minister with a deep, thunderlike voice was invited to fill the place.

In a voice that was rolling and theatrical, or high and trembling, the visiting minister rendered such a sermon as the aristocratic residents of the town never forgot. No indeed, for when he reached the end, he cried:

"One thing more, brethren, rob neither the living nor the dead, lest you fall into the hands of the Evil One."

No Name jumped as though a cannon had exploded near him. Terrorized he cried:

"Oh, Mister, I didn't mean to. Don't let the devil get me."

For once the twins were astonished as much as the church people. Gulliver Munchausen was the first one to recover.

"He will, though," he whispered, "unless you holler 'Glory Hallelujah' three times."

He had no sooner said the words than No Name, jumping upon the seat, followed the advice.

Down from the pulpit came the minister. Seizing the frantic boy he demanded an explanation.

"Oh," cried No Name, "I didn't have any name, so I stole one off the tomb of a dead man. I didn't know that the devil would get me. Honest, I didn't."

"What name did you take, my son?"

"Bosom of Abraham Wigglesome," No Name sobbed.

The people laughed and all agreed

that the Wigglesomes were an impossible lot.

Mr. Harry Diesoon arose and dismissed the people. He was very anxious to have the pulpit searched, for he knew what he had seen. So did the twins.

One would have thought that the twins would have had enough for one day, but not so. They had noticed Mrs. Flurry, a grass widow, who wore enormous fluffy puffs and a big coronation braid on her hair, making eyes at Patrick Ebenezer. They were not slow to conclude that she must be the Nancy of their brother's prayer.

At the close of the service they also noticed their eldest brother make for her side, and overheard him ask if he could take her sailing on the lake that afternoon.

The town of Susanna was ambitious

to be up to date in everything. The only natural water beauty the place could boast was a fish pond. As the ideas of the town grew, this pond was always referred to as a lake. Here it was that Patrick Ebenezer had conceived the idea of taking his lady-love for a sail.

The eventful time arrived. Patrick Ebenezer, tightly holding Mrs. Flurry by the arm, descended the bank to the boat moored among the weeds.

No one ever knew how he managed to get his boat there, and he never told. Well anyway, sitting near it were the twins calmly fishing.

Patrick Ebenezer was so astonished that he nearly tumbled into the water. The twins turned in pleased surprise at the interruption to their fishing expedition, and politely tipped their caps.

Mrs. Flurry was charmed at their

gallantry, and told them so. A friendship was immediately commenced, very much to the chagrin of Patrick Ebenezer, who desired to have her all to himself. When the sail was adjusted the twins offered to assist her into the boat. With a smile she accepted.

Of course it wasn't the twins' fault that Belshazzar Alexander tripped over a rope, drawing it so tight that it caused Mrs. Flurry to fall head foremost into the water. Neither was it Gulliver Munchausen's fault that in his anxious efforts to assist his dear brother to arise Mrs. Flurry's foot became tied fast.

Patrick Ebenezer, finding it impossible to loosen the rope, made a dive at his lady-love's head. Off came a mass of yellow puffs in his hand. He grabbed again. Off came a huge coronation braid. Half angrily, half tearfully, he screamed:

"My God, Nancy, haven't you got anything I can hold on to?"

"Try her leg and see if it comes off too," yelled back Gulliver Munchausen.

"But be careful and don't get too near the grass widow, as you know you're subject to hay fever," Belshazzar Alexander advised, as he and his brother disappeared up the bank.

CHAPTER FIVE

"Mrs. Annette Prig, my dear wife and helpmate, where are you anyway?" called Mr. Hezekiah Wigglesome, excitedly rushing into the house.

"Here, here I am," answered Mrs. Wigglesome, hastily coming from the kitchen, her hands covered with flour.

"Patrick Ebenezer gets a holiday this afternoon. I'm goin' over to school and get the kids. We will all dress up and go to see that high-falutin' uncle of yourn on the hill, and—" he stopped to draw a long breath, but as suddenly let it go at the expression on his wife's face.

"Well, I'll be durned!" he exploded. "What's the matter now?"

"Why Hezekiah Wigglesome, I'm making pies!"

"Oh, hang the pies!" he angrily exclaimed.

The discussion ended. Mr. Wigglesome marched off to school after the children, and Mrs. Wigglesome returned to her pies.

Mrs. Wigglesome was a very wise woman. She had not lived with Hezekiah for over twenty years for nothing and knew she had oceans of time. Sure enough, those pies were baked and cold before he put in an appearance. Mr. Wigglesome was one of those men who never knew just where he was going, but was always on his way.

After an hour of scrubbing and combing the Wigglesomes were ready to set out. Led by Mr. and Mrs. Hezekiah Wigglesome, then Patrick Ebenezer with Mayeah Etheah Agethah, next

George Washington and Isabella Carolina, followed by the twins, they hastened up the street.

No Name—he had returned his name to the tomb—lagged behind the others with Gwendolyn Matilda Jerusha.

Mr. Wigglesome kept an ever-watchful eye, seeing to it that they kept in line and step. He often told his wife he knew he was intended for a great general, and wise Mrs. Wigglesome reserved her opinion.

All obeyed their pop's directions except George Washington. Some way or other everything always seemed to get in his way. When things didn't, he was wont to stumble over his own feet.

Finally the happy group reached a large stone house with wide verandahs around it. With exclamations of delight they gave vent to their enthusiasm. The neighbors, thinking a circus or

parade was passing, rushed to the windows to behold the show, nor were they disappointed. And when the Wigglesomes turned into Mr. Benjamin Otto Prig's beautiful lawn, their amazement knew no bounds. Such a craning of necks followed their manœuvres that it equalled a matinee crowd when the hero is about to propose to the heroine.

Mr. Prig, who chanced to be sitting near the window, heard the commotion and glanced out. One look was sufficient.

His neighbors and friends called him a cold, dignified man, often comparing him to Greenland's icy mountains. If they could have seen him just at that minute they would have thought that an avalanche was taking place. Quicker than thought the windows and doors of the entire house were fastened. Calling his aristocratic wife, Maria, they

watched the procession in consternation.

On they came, until the yard, the verandahs and the very air seemed darkened with fantastic figures. It did not seem to make a bit of difference to them that the doors were not thrown wide at their approach. There were so many things to admire outside. Finally, however, as no one appeared, the terrible truth dawned on them. No one was at home.

The twins were not so easily bluffed, and started on a tour of investigation. They did not care how they gained admittance, so long as they got in.

First they tried the doors. All were fastened. Next the windows. Same result. Any one else would have decided it was time to leave. Not so with them. Instead they held a short consultation, and disappeared.

It happened that Belshazzar's eyes were sharper than those of all the other Wigglesomes together. In trying to raise a window he had seen the dignified Mr. Benjamin Otto Prig standing in the middle of a room holding fast to his terrified wife, their dear auntie. Immediately he confided his discovery to Gulliver Munchausen.

Cautiously, and with as little noise as possible, they climbed up to the roof. Then they carefully opened a box which they had carried from home. Slipping up to the chimney they emptied the contents of the box down. A yell, a horrified scream and a curse followed.

As Mr. Benjamin Otto Prig and his aristocratic wife, Maria, stood near an open fire-place a terrible yelling was heard descending the chimney. Almost instantly an object covered with soot landed at their feet. Mrs. Prig

drew back horrified, while the stately Mr. Prig cursed until he was blue in the face. By the way, that object was a skunk, and it had the time of its life flying around the room, until, more quickly than they had been closed, the doors and windows were flung open and it disappeared outside.

In tripped the happy Wigglesomes, regardless of the means by which they had effected an entrance. They were an unusually sociable family, and made themselves at home without an invitation. They did not seem to realize how chilly the air turned, in truth, so cold one almost needed a wrap. But then the Wigglesomes were a sturdy lot.

Mr. Hezekiah Wigglesome, after a hearty hand-shake—hearty on his side only—with his host, seated himself on the music cabinet and began the usual recital of his family's accomplishments.

Mrs. Wigglesome felt it her duty to converse with Mrs. Prig, and kept wondering why they didn't get on any better.

Mayeah Etheah Agethah and Isabella Carolina had realized their ambition at last. They knew that somehow country ways were different from city ways. At the first opportunity they had intended to explore city ways. Their chance had come. Slipping quietly away from the others they started on their expedition of discovery.

The parlor was first surveyed. Surprised exclamations, followed by ohs and ahs, showed their appreciation. Long white things that you could see through hung at the windows. Flower-covered furniture stood on floors that looked like mirrors. A whole lot of little lamps hung on a stick from the ceiling. The funniest shaped dishes

stood on the mantel. They looked like big bottles, only much prettier than those that came with catsup.

On the other side of the hall they found the dining-room. Their astonishment knew no bounds. The strangest things were everywhere. And what was more, at each place lay a napkin on a spotless white cloth. At one place was a tiny little cow-bell.

Hearing footsteps they slipped up mirrored steps to the bedrooms.

"Looky here, Isabella Carolina," cried Mayeah Etheah Agethah, "there's two sheets on every bed."

"What!" was the incredulous response, as she hurried to examine the articles.

Sure enough, upon close observation they found two sheets on each bed.

"I heard mom say," Isabella Carolina whispered, "that Aunt Maria kept

servants. I wonder where they are? I've looked in almost every box and drawer I could see."

"Say, let's make this bed up right, and then go and hunt for them. Maybe they're kept in the cellar."

It was no sooner said than done. Off came the flimsy sham and spread, while the sheets were placed on top. Feeling that they had conveyed a great lesson to their aunt they descended to the music room before they were missed.

No Name had sat out in the hall ever since his arrival. He was studiously studying the great oil paintings on the wall. Mr. Lock had told him that if he worked hard perhaps he would some day be a great artist. How the idea made his heart beat!

"Say, Ben," Mr. Wigglesome arose from the sofa—he had tried every piece of furniture in the room—"I'm gosh

darn hungry. Can't you give a feller a bite to eat?"

Furious at the proposal, Mr. Prig strode out into the hall. In the doorway he passed the two girls. Just outside he ran into the twins. A little farther on he stumbled over Gwendolyn Matilda Jerusha. Out on the porch arrayed in his smoking jacket, sat Patrick Ebenezer, while dangling from the balustrade, his foot against the newel post, was George Washington. As he entered the dining-room his eyes fell on No Name, and he swore. The entire house seemed to be filled to overflowing with his detested relations.

"What are you doing here?" he angrily asked of No Name.

Then, as the lad did not answer, his eyes followed the boy's gaze. He was surprised to think a Wigglesome had any artistic taste. Little by little he

drew the boy out, until No Name forgot to sulk and told of his ambition.

"No Name," bellowed Mr. Wigglesome, "git!"

And No Name got.

The rest of the Wigglesomes followed Mr. Prig into the dining-room. They did not need to be told what to do, for, led by Patrick Ebenezer, they all fell to with marvelous appetites. Such a shoveling, chewing and smacking of lips Mr. Prig had never before seen or heard. Their mouths looked like so many bottomless pits to him—the more they put in the less filled they appeared to be.

Mr. Prig turned to the butler and ordered him to bring the sugar. But at that moment each one of the Wigglesomes desired sugar. When Mr. Wigglesome finally obtained possession of the bowl he silently surveyed his plate.

"Wall," he drawled, "I don't see nothin' to put this here sugar on, and as we'se always use 'lasses in our tea I guess I'll take mine this way."

He thereupon proceeded to eat several mouthfuls from the bowl with the sugar-shell. Having gratified his taste, he shoved the spoon into the bowl and handed it to Mr. Prig.

Mr. Prig silently pushed the bowl away, with a look of unspeakable disgust.

The meal over, the guests calmly wiped their fingers on the table-cloth. Almost immediately they bade their host and hostess farewell, promising to come again real soon.

CHAPTER SIX

One afternoon as Gwendolyn Matilda Jerusha was returning from school a little Jewish boy called to her. She turned, and seeing who it was hurried faster.

"Wait a minute, little girl," he cried running after her.

Reaching her side he offered to carry her books. She gave them to him with a smile.

"Say," he confided, "I know where there's a nest full of hornets. It's the mostest fun to run them out of their nests. Come on and I'll show you how."

"Mostest fun" lured Gwendolyn Matilda Jerusha to follow. Taking the

stick he gave her, she struck at the hornets. Her arms were not long enough and her stroke fell several inches short of the nest. It was the boy's turn next. Standing on tip-toe he hit it a bang.

Out came a swarm of buzzing, angry hornets. One stung him on the ear. Ashamed to cry before a girl he frantically danced around in a circle. He stopped short. A brilliant idea had occurred to him.

"Say, little girl," he cried, seizing her hand, "let's get married. My brother says it always hurts a fellow when he gets married. I've got my hurt, so come on."

"But yu'se is a 'ittle Jew boy," she answered, drawing away.

"I aint, neither," he screamed, as the pain grew more intense. "My mamma's a Jewess, my papa's a Jew, but I'm a Dutchman, so come on."

Gwendolyn Matilda Jerusha was frightened at his violent demonstrations of love and turned to flee. The boy followed closely at her heels. Down the street they ran, screaming at the top of their voices. Reaching the Wigglesome cottage they rushed pell-mell into the hall and burst into the parlor like a whirlwind.

Seated on opposite sides of the room were Mayeah Etheah Agethah and Mr. Archie Lock. Regardless of Mr. Lock's presence, the children rushed to Mayeah Etheah Agethah.

"Oh! Oh!" sobbed Gwendolyn Matilda Jerusha, "'at 'ittle boy's a Jew an' he wants tu mar'y me cause he's dot a hurt."

The boy hung his head and ran from the room. Mr. Lock smiled and gathered Gwendolyn Matilda Jerusha in his arms. To pick her up necessitated his

crossing the room. By doing this he was able to draw a chair nearer Mayeah Etheah Agethah.

"Has yu'se dot any 'ittle boy?" Gwendolyn Matilda Jerusha lisped.

"No, dear little girl," he smiled.

"Well, why hasn't yu?"

"Because I am not married," he replied, and attempted to change the subject, as it brought back the remembrance of the twins' declaration on their first day at school.

"Why don't yu'se mar'y?"

"For several reasons. One is that I might not agree with my wife."

"Pooh! 'at's nothin'," she scoffed. "Do 'ike pop an' mom, just fight it outs."

"Gwendolyn Matilda Jerusha," a stern voice called from the adjoining room, "come out here immediately."

Mayeah Etheah Agethah flushed

painfully. She felt as if her efforts to make an impression on the handsome teacher would now be wasted. She knew her whole family were different from other people, and she blushed in mortification.

"Mr. Lock," she looked at him, trying to check back the tears, "you said you came to inform me about the twins and their deviltry. I am, oh, so sorry, but what can I do?

"I wish you could tell me what the matter is with us all. When we lived down in Hiram County we were like other folk. But somehow or other it's very different here. I realize it, so does Isabella Carolina. Mother tells us she used to live like these town people before she married father. I don't know what to do about it." Her lips trembled piteously.

Mr. Lock's heart was touched

deeply. A man's heart generally is at a pretty maiden's distress. Now if she had been a sour old maid, he never would have drawn his chair up so close, nor have taken her hand. That was the reason why he applied the golden rule so studiously for the next few hours.

Perhaps that accounted for his long delay in returning to his boarding-house, where Mr. Samuel Fiske, the school board's president, awaited him. Becoming tired waiting, Mr. Fiske went to Mr. Wigglesome's house to find him.

At the door he was met by the twins. They informed him that the teacher was there, reserving the knowledge that he had led each of them home by the ear. Following their direction, Mr. Fiske entered the parlor unannounced.

The sudden interruption startled Mr. Lock and Mayeah Etheah Agethah violently. Nevertheless they were unable

to separate, for neatly but firmly his coat sleeve was pinned with several safety pins, to her brand-new belt. Mr. Lock's pity had increased at an alarming rate when he had seen tears in Mayeah Etheah Agethah's pretty brown eyes. He never had realized how nice it was to console people before. But just at that minute his tongue was tied.

The twins, meanwhile, peacefully strutted down the street, each rubbing a very red ear but with delightfully happy smiles on their faces.

CHAPTER SEVEN

Isabella Carolina's heart nearly ceased beating. A real puffing automobile stopped outside the door. A man in a long coat hastily jumped out and entered the store. As she chanced to be alone she leisurely approached him, mentally congratulating herself on the fact that she was wearing her new blue cambric dress. When she saw it was a young man, who was also very good looking, she was gladder than ever.

"Have you gasoline?" and he tipped his cap.

"No, we don't keep it," she smiled fetchingly, at least fetchingly enough to make the man linger half an hour.

Isabella Carolina did not think it a sin to flirt, and seized all the chances Fate switched onto her track. Ever since her coming to Susanna she had longed to meet a nice young man, and have a "steady." The nice young men often glanced at her pretty face and plump girlish figure, remarking, "What a stunner," or "Gee whiz, who's that?" But when her name was spoken a grin would pass over their faces. They had met her brother, Patrick Ebenezer, and did not care to extend their acquaintance in the Wigglesome direction.

Patrick Ebenezer, while at the soda fountain one afternoon, had heard several men discussing the Lenox, a club to be organized on a certain evening. Mr. Benjamin Otto Prig being one of the leading members, Patrick Ebenezer felt free to stroll into the club rooms that certain evening. As he entered

a unanimous vote was passed that all present should be enrolled as members. Patrick Ebenezer was delighted, but not so his astonished uncle, Mr. Prig.

That was the reason Patrick Ebenezer wore a Lenox pin, much to the amusement of the townsfolk and the proud delight of the Wigglesomes. They realized they had not been admitted into the charmed circle of the elite in Susanna, and must butt in in some way. And Patrick Ebenezer had proved to be a first-rate butter.

Isabella Carolina improved her time chatting and laughing with the young man. Mr. Phillips Whitby, for that was his name, did not think it a sin to flirt either. He liked her from the first. Isabella Carolina realized she was making a hit, and blushed or displayed her dimples whenever it was necessary.

Suddenly a great blast from his auto-

mobile horn caused him to make a hasty exit. He reached the door just in time to see his machine pull out. On the front seat sat the twins. Increasing their speed they waved to him and were gone.

As luck had it another machine was standing across the street. Hastily jumping into it he followed. Down the road the two machines whizzed. The twins, seeing that they were pursued, opened wide the propeller, thoroughly enjoying themselves.

Mr. Whitby ground his teeth in rage. A terrible noise sounded and the twins came to a standstill. Their tire had burst. Instantly Mr. Whitby was out of his machine with murder in his eyes.

Grasping each boy by the collar he was about to butt their heads together when his knees grew weak. His eyes

had fallen on the damaged machine, and he saw it was not his car. He had been in his own all the time. Furious at the trick played on him he turned to the boys. They were gone. Nothing remained for him to do but return and hunt up the other fellow.

Jumping into his machine he started back up the road at a rapid gait. All was well until he reached the outskirts of the town. Another machine was advancing. In it sat Miss Janet Stone, his fiancee. He was about to raise his hat when something grabbed his legs. His hands flew up as he screamed, while his machine just missed Miss Stone's. Instead his automobile bumped into a tree, and he was thrown out like a stone from a catapult.

From beneath the back seat crawled the twins. Politely thanking him for his kindness in bringing them home

they started across the fields. Under each arm they had a box and he knew those boxes held his future and his turtles.

Mr. Whitby slowly arose, swearing loudly. He had made a fool of himself before Miss Stone, his machine was broken and his turtles were gone. He couldn't make up his mind what to do, so he sat down again, nursing his wrath and thinking of his turtles.

Now those turtles had a history. Mr. Whitby's father and Miss Stone's papa were partners in a wholesale house in Susanna, and both wished to strengthen the tie between them.

As the years passed and Phillips and Janet grew up, their doting parents had conceived the idea of making a match between them. Phillips Whitby's father swore and cursed until he proposed. On the other hand Miss Janet

Stone's papa blustered and threatened until she accepted. Thus the love match was made. Incidentally, Janet was in love with a man in the East, and Phillips wished with all his heart she would marry the Easterner.

Miss Janet Stone's papa had a craving for turtle soup. It seemed strange, but none could be found or bought near Susanna.

In his ever-obliging way, Mr. Phillips Whitby offered to secure a few for his future papa-in-law. He had spent several days scouring the country and at last he had been able to buy three. Now they were gone. He knew his future papa-in-law well enough to know a scene would follow. And he cared so much that he fell to dreaming of Isabella Carolina's dimples.

His reverie was disturbed by a voice crying:

"There he is, Mister."

It was Gulliver Munchausen. Behind him and Belshazzar Alexander was an excited crowd of men. Some one yelled, "Lynch him." Others called, "thief," "kidnapper" and "murderer."

Things had been lively during the past hour in Susanna. Several loafers had noticed a man dart from Wigglesome's store and jump into an auto. A few minutes later another man across the street called to them asking what had become of his machine. Wild excitement followed.

In a few minutes Isabella Carolina was surrounded by a mob of men. She burst into tears and refused to divulge Mr. Whitby's name. Just then the twins rushed into the store declaring the thief had attempted to kidnap them. With them as leaders, they started out to capture the villain.

Mr. Phillips Whitby angrily demanded to know what the crowd meant by such threats. The men were astonished when they saw who he was, and one by one sneaked off while Mr. Whitby explained the circumstances. The twins had disappeared.

That night as Isabella Carolina retired, her heart and head felt so light that she disrobed in the dark. Snuggling down beneath the covers she intended to dream of Phillips Whitby, when something grabbed her toes. With a terrified scream she jumped out of bed.

Down the stairs she flew, and into the parlor, where, in her excitement, she had forgotten Mayeah Etheah Agethah was entertaining Mr. Lock. By the way, he came often to console Mayeah Etheah Agethah. Consolation seemed one of his accomplishments, and one

that Mayeah Etheah Agethah enjoyed very much. Isabella Carolina burst in, yelling frantically, with a turtle hanging to her toe.

Mr. Lock gallantly rose to the occasion. Suppressing his laughter as much as possible, he jerked the turtle off. It seemed to be his fate to assist the Wigglesomes in many ways.

Poor Isabella Carolina! There were no more blissful dreams for her that night. Life was real, life was earnest, and it seemed not so sublime with the sting of turtle bites a-paining all the time.

CHAPTER EIGHT

"Pe'se, Mister," it was Gwendolyn Matilda Jerusha, "did yu'se see a mans or womans a-lookin' fo' a 'ittle dirl? Cause if yu'se did I'se 'at 'ittle dirl."

Mr. Benjamin Otto Prig looked down into the trusting blue eyes upraised to his. Her little lips and chin quivered in an unmistakable manner. He stooped to gather her in his arms, for he had recognized her as one of the Wigglesomes. She was dressed in a dainty lawn slip, and looked very neat and dear.

The entire Wigglesome family had undergone a surprising change. Mayeah Etheah Agethah deserved a great deal of praise for the improvement.

She had been quick to notice their oddity, and had set about to remedy their faults. She observed the townspeople closely, noting wherein her family differed.

Many a night, after the others were asleep, she lay awake planning reforms. Like a general with all odds against him, she rushed into the thickest of the fray, determining to do or die. She did not die, but gradually won first one point and then another.

The change was soon apparent to outsiders. Even Mr. Hezekiah Wigglesome had improved. He had been admonished so often by his daughters not to interfere in their affairs that in despair he took to politics.

With the assistance of Isabella Carolina he had worked up a big trade. George Washington was soon put into the store, and Isabella Carolina took

up the study of music, as befitted a lady.

Mr. Prig, still carrying Gwendolyn Matilda Jerusha, rapped at the door of the Wigglesome cottage. Mayeah Etheah Agethah opened the door and welcomed him with such easy grace that he almost dropped Gwendolyn Matilda Jerusha in his astonishment.

One by one the family drifted in to chat with him, each bringing a new surprise. It was a very different appearing group from the one he had seen six months ago. He almost believed his eyes were playing him a trick, they were so changed.

It had been several months since Patrick Ebenezer had been seen at the club. Presently he entered. His conceit and snobbishness were gone. Instead he appeared to be like any other young man of twenty-two. Common sense and Mayeah Etheah Agethah's

lectures had shown him he was not wanted at the club. Those lectures had been regular eye-openers to the whole family. She might have thought of becoming a lecturer had she not become engaged to Mr. Lock.

"Mr. Wigglesome," said Mr. Prig, "I came on an errand, but since my coming I am so surprised and pleased at the remarkable change in your family, I scarcely dare propose my plan.

"When you were all up on the hill that day I was under the impression that you would willingly give No Name to me. I took a liking to the lad. Several times since then he has been up to see me. We have never mentioned any of you in our conversation. But No Name seems very happy now."

The family were all silent. They felt ashamed of their former treatment of No Name. Not until Mr. Lock had

taught them better did they realize what a sunny little lad he was. He had lost his surly looks and insolent manner, while each one had grown to love him dearly.

"Wall, Mr. Prig," Mr. Wigglesome replied, "me wife is a good old hen who loves all her chicks. I guess there's nothing doing here."

"Of course not," Mr. Prig passed his hands over his eyes, "but say, Patrick, I need a secretary. Would you like the position?"

Patrick Ebenezer's heart very nearly turned over with joy. The work at the soda fountain he detested. It meant a great lift in more ways than one, and he gladly embraced the chance to become a private secretary.

As soon as Mr. Prig left, the family began discussing No Name. It was time, they decided, that the boy should

be named. For how could he ever be anything without a name?

"Name him Beelzebub," shouted Belshazzar Alexander. Neither he nor his brother had changed much, but were the same little mischief breeders.

"Naw," cried Gulliver Munchausen, "call him Bricktop. "Say, sis," he continued, "are you and that guy who busted his auto last night in love?"

Isabella Carolina blushed furiously. The question brought back vivid recollections of the turtle dance.

"Oh, shut up!" ordered George Washington, who had learned how to walk without falling over his own shadow, and who now only chewed ground coffee.

"Well anyway," Isabella Carolina confided to the family, "I guess I have made an impression, for I saw him walk by the house once this morning."

"I want a name," interrupted No Name, "and I want one quick."

"Archie's a pretty name," suggested Mayeah Etheah Agethah. She was furious because the family laughed.

"The most popular fellow down town," Patrick Ebenezer observed, "is called Sheath."

"Yes, but," No Name whimpered, "whatever a feller's named after, he is. And Sheath walks bow-legged. And I just know I couldn't pretend I was warped all the time."

Mrs. Wigglesome now spoke up.

"I like the name of 'Commodore.'"

"I won't be a common old door either," answered No Name, much aggrieved.

"Tall 'ims 'Be Gosh,'" suggested Gwendolyn Matilda Jerusha, and ran from the room at the laugh that followed.

"Wall, I'll tell ye what's the matter," and Mr. Wigglesome slapped his knee with the air of one who has suddenly hit upon a brilliant idea. "I always had a hankerin' after the name of 'Tuberculosis,' it's so mellow and music-like."

He winked at his wife in a knowing way, positive his name would meet with a burst of applause. Instead the room seemed suddenly filled with upturned noses. "Wall, then, how's 'Appendicitis?'" But his suggestion was ignored completely.

The ringing of the door-bell broke up the discussion. No Name was still without a name. It was Mr. Harry Diesoon, the minister, who had been invited to tea. In a minute the bell rang again. This time it was Mr. Phillips Whitby. Isabella Carolina was delighted, and asked him to stay to supper also.

The first course nearly took Mr. Whitby's breath away. It was turtle soup. It recalled a scene he had passed through a few minutes before. When he had returned to his prospective papa-in-law's minus turtles, he was plainly told he could never hope to lead Janet to the altar. A great sense of relief had come over him, for he still remembered Isabella Carolina's dimples. Straightway he had come to view them again.

"Say, Mr. Diesooner or Later," Gulliver Munchausen asked, "do you like the flavor of this soup?"

"Yes," frowned the minister.

"Well, I guess it's Isabella Carolina's toes"—but a frown from Mayeah Etheah Agethah cut short further information from that source.

Then Belshazzar Alexander let loose.

"You see we put it in her bed.

When she went to bed she went in the dark, 'cause she was dreaming soft things about that guy over there beside her. Well, the darned old thing bit like sin, and she yelled like an Injun, and I'll be cussed if she didn't go right down in her night dress and ask the school flogger, who was kissing Mayeah Etheah Agethah—I know 'cause I was under the sofa—to take it off, and—"

Before he could add more, Mr. Wigglesome took a hand and danced both culprits from the room in disgrace, with a one, two, three, kick-step.

Mr. Phillips Whitby nearly swallowed his bowl trying to put out an internal explosion. As it was, in his excitement he put pepper on his bread and salt in his tea.

"Please, Mister," No Name turned to him, "get me a name."

"How would my name do?" he

asked Isabella Carolina, for want of something better to say.

"Oh, I'd just love it," she blushed.

He blushed too. No Name was still without a name.

Belshazzar Alexander stuck his head in the doorway. Making a face at No Name, he cried:

"Say, Mr. Sky Pilot, that there sucker wants a name. Why don't you give him one, but don't call him Snakes or Turtle Soup."

"I'll tell you what," chimed in Gulliver Munchausen, "call him Pumpkin Head or Galliniper."

Mr. Harry Diesoon rose from the table. The twins instantly disappeared. His intention was not to chase them, however, but to name No Name. Raising his hands, he asked that each should pray and perhaps a name would be revealed through

prayer. At last a great light spread over his face. The inspiration had come. Laying his hand on No Name's head, he cried:

"I christen thee Michael Angelo The Second Wigglesome, which means that you shall one day be a great artist. I prophesy that when your fame is at its height you will paint the devil casting two imps, Belshazzar Alexander and Gulliver Munchausen, into the fiery furnace, while snakes and turtles shall round them abound. Then indeed will they apply their last name and Wigglesome."

At last No Name had a name.

JUN 12 1909